

## Let It Bleed by Lonks

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**Summary:** Georgie Denbrough. Little brother to Its prized possession. Eating him was nothing spectacular, but using the child's body to mess with the older brother. It was how Pennywise discovered It needed the older of the two. Bill Denbrough. William Denbrough. His prized possession. - Based off of a prompt by @DorothyLovesAnime on AO3

## Let It Bleed

It loved the Hell It created.

The chaos, fear, and explosive horrors that It brought down to Derry, all for It to consume at Its leisure.

The screams of terror, the sobs of the broken, the pain of the hurt, It would watch with glee as Its prey would wither in pain.

Its favourite moment within each kill was the realization that the friendly clown had unhinged Its mouth to clamp down on their little, weak bodies.

Pennywise enjoyed ripping the town of its faith with each kill.

A day or so after each meal, It would watch as the brick buildings, and doors would be filled with missing person posters. It went on with this for a very, very long time.

That was until It came across the best child, who, It didn't know it at the time, would bring It to Its favourite toy.

Georgie Denbrough.

Little brother to his prized possession.

Eating him was nothing spectacular, but using the child's body to mess with the older brother. It was how Pennywise discovered he needed the older of the two.

Bill Denbrough.

William Denbrough.

Its *prized possession*.

Oh, how It loved the way the boys' mask would come crumbling down as soon as he saw little Georgie, even if it was a wolf in sheep's clothing. Yes, Pennywise finally had Its prized possession in his grasp, and It couldn't wait to wake up and devour him.

For now, Pennywise took to his sleep, with the lullaby of children's screams echoing in Its ear, muffling until they were Its prized possession.

William Denbrough, It thought, I cannot wait to play with you soon. And with that, It went to rest.